

Archangel

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Summary: A special force is formed to prevent Earth from destroying itself before the covenant does.

1. Welcome to the Middle of Nowhere

A/N: Eh, it's just something I got an idea for. My other fic in the Fire Emblem section I'm currently running out of ideas for. So yeah, here you go. Keep in mind that yes, I did watch Gundam Seed recently, and the idea just popped into my head. Well, anyways, hope everyone enjoys this. It is set in the middle of Fall of Reach

* * *

>Icy Dreams

1400 hours, July 25, 2552

> Unmarked Pelican Dropship<p>

Lieutenant Alice Connor fiddled nervously with a dismantled Assault Rifle in her lap as she felt the pelican lurch. Outside, high-speed winds rammed the drop ship, forcing the pilot to struggle to keep the craft from getting blown off course.

Connor sighed and brushed a strand of light blonde hair out of her blue eyes and gazed out the view port. She could make out the white snow crystals being tossed about haphazardly in the high winds. Since the pilot made no indication prior to takeoff as to where her destination would be, she assumed she was somewhere in Alaska or Greenland.

"Hey Pilot, where are we?" Connor asked for what seemed like the fiftieth time, and for the fiftieth time, the pilot gave her a noncommittal wave and insisted that he was a mere pelican pilot, fed coordinates and nothing else. Alice sighed and went back to playing with her rifle.

Alice survived the battle at Sigma Octanus IV by what she would call pure luck. After being picked up by a UNSC spaceship, she was immediately transferred. One week later, she was stuck on an unmarked pelican ship, alone headed for God knows where. Alice's tactical skill on the battlefield was top notch. She graduated from Reach's Marine Academy with high honors and soon proved herself in many small skirmishes. At the tender age of 29, she's more respected by the small amount of soldiers under her command than older men are, but she was never noticed. Only after Sigma Octanus IV did a superior officer notice her tactics in battle and had her promoted, and then reassigned. The only piece of information Alice got before she was shipped off was that her new post was "critical to the survival of mankind." Alice Connor had no idea why her being stuck in a frozen wasteland was critical to the survival of mankind, but she was still a soldier. She didn't complain much, and she quietly boarded an earthbound shuttle.

Finally, the Pelican slowed down and began to descend. Alice slid into the copilot seat and strapped herself in, looking out the windshield, trying to find the UNSC Alaska or Greenland bases. She was shocked to find the pelican heading towards a patch of clean snow surrounded on all sides by tall mountains and plateaus. Around the mountains, fast winds that looked suspiciously like katabatics blew tore at the snowy landscape. Alice stared at the barren land, wondering if her pilot had gone insane or if something was wrong with the pelican.

"Is something wrong with the pelican?" Alice asked.

The pilot turned and looked at her oddly. "No, we're here. Look."

Alice turned back towards the ground and watched. Moments later, she nearly jumped out of her skin as the ground literally opened up, revealing a deep metal shaft. Multiple blast doors opened in succession as the pilot skillfully maneuvered the pelican into the shaft towards a distant landing pad deep in the ground. As the pelican passed each level, the blast doors would close, shielding the inside from the snow outside. Pretty soon, the pelican had touched down and the pilot had turned around and stood up. Alice packed away her rifle and did the same.

"So you finally gonna to tell me where we are? Because I know you know exactly what this place is." She said sharply, narrowing her eyes at the pilot.

The pilot chuckled, and took off his helmet, revealing a gray streak tuff of black hair. The man looked in his late forties, and had an empty hallowed look in his dark eyes.

"I see the military were right in reassigning you here." The man said.

"Cut the crap where am I?" Alice snapped, her patience at an end.

"You my dear, are in Antarctica." The man said narrowing his eyes. "In the secret UNSC Antarctic base."

Alice paled. "Antarctica!"

"Yesâ€|" The man continued. "I'm Colonel J.P. Sanders, you can just call me Sanders if you want. I'd like to welcome you to Antarctica."

Alice paled even more. "Colonel!" She snapped to attention. "Excuse me for my insolence."

Sanders waved her off. "Forget it girlie. Everyone here's relaxed. If you act any stiffer you won't last a week here. Take a load off, the enemy won't care how well you can salute."

"Sir." Alice said, relaxing.

Sanders stripped off his pilot suit and donned a fur coat from one of the storage closets in the Pelican. He grabbed a second one and handed it to Alice.

"We may be 10 miles underground, but it's still freezing outside. Don't catch a cold."

Alice nodded and donned the coat, pulling her bag closer to her as Sanders lowered the entrance ramp. A blast of cold wind hit Alice as she walked onto the spacious hanger.

"Soâ€|what is this place?" Alice asked as she and Sanders headed across the pad towards a large door marked "Terminal."

"This is a secret base established a while ago. Not many people know about it, but if the covenant wants to glass the planet, this is the place to be. Unfortunately, we're also woefully undersupplied. The food here tastes like shit, and we have almost no ammunition."

Alice paled for the third time in ten minutes. "What happens if we're attacked?"

"We've got until the bastards blast through 10 kilometers of blast shielding to find a way to stop them. Otherwise, we self destruct." Sanders said. "I'll tell you more later, first we gotta get you to your quarters."

Sanders lead Alice through a series of hallways until he finally reached a little cul-de-sac like area. He yelled out several names in succession, and soon five sleepy looking guys hobbled out of their doors.

"Did you finally bring the KFC Colonel?" A blonde haired young man said from the first door on the right.

Sanders sighed and smacked the boy upside the head.

"Ow! Hey! I'm just hungry okay? God if the UNSC ever gets smart, they would send the food they serve here to the covenant. Maybe then this bloody war would finally end."

Sanders glared at the man, making him fall silent, but Alice could tell that the colonel was smiling at the edge of his mouth.

"Anyways, I've picked up the new recruit from HQ today." Sanders

announced. "Make sure she's comfortable. We'll have a meeting later today. Now that the entire team is assembled, I'll finally get around to telling you why you've been dragged from your UNSC posts to the middle of this penguin hole."

"Finally!" A brown haired man, similar in age to the first man said. He turned towards the blonde haired guy and they exchanged cheered looks. Sanders cleared his throat and caught everyone's attention again.

"Now, without further ado, I introduce Ms. Lieutenant Alice Connor from the Sigma Octanus IV battle group."

All the guys finally looked at Alice, who at the mention of her name, dropped her hood and stepped forward. She felt uncomfortable as every jaw in the room dropped and every eye trained onto her as if she were a foreign object.

"What?" She asked nerviously. "Haven't you ever seen a girl before?"

Sanders walked up to her and whispered in her ear. "Errâ€|actually noâ€|. you're the first and only female personnel posted here."

Alice blushed despite herself as an uneasy feeling began to overtake her.

Sanders glared out into the group of men again. "Where are your manners? Introduce yourselves!"

The men quickly composed themselves. The first one on the right stepped forward. He was a black haired Asian man, medium height. His eyes shone intelligently.

"Lieutenant Jay Lee, pleased to meet you Lieutenant Connor."

Alice nodded and shook his hand. The next man then walked up to her. He had brown hair and was tall and lanky. His hands twitched uncontrollably as he nearly crushed Alice's delicate fingers.

"Master Sergeant Joseph Zacharias."

"Pleased to meet you." Alice said wincing as she extricated her fingers from the man's grip. She turned towards the third man, a tall blonde fellow with a very muscular build and thick glasses.

"Lieutenant Johannes Klemp."

"Lieutenant." Alice shook his hand and nodded politely. She finally turned to the last two: the blonde and the brown haired duo. She couldn't help notice the smirk on the blonde one.

'Oh god noâ€|' She pleaded as she held out her hand.

"Lieutenant Peter O'Brien" The brown haired one said. He had playful green eyes and looked like one of those pranksters Alice tangled with at the Academy. She shook his hand cautiously and nodded curtly,

before getting away as fast as she could, only to meet face to face with the smirking blonde.

"Captain Kevin Sain Rilley. It's a pleasure Lieutenant." His blue eyes twinkled mischeviously, "And if you're not doing anything laterâ€|"

Sanders decided to step in and steered a grateful Alice away from the Captain. Her head was still spinning. Three of the men seemed decent, but the last two were trouble. To make matters worse, the blonde pervert that just flirted with her outranked her. She wondered what the military was smoking when they promoted that piece of travesty.

As Sanders saved Alice from Kevin's advances, Peter nudged his friend and laughed silently at his misfortunes. Kevin just sighed and put his hands up, chuckling. They waited for the colonel to show Alice her room, situated between Peter and Klemp's rooms before snapping to attention as the Colonel walked into a more prominent position and faced the team.

"At 1800 hours tonight, there will be a briefing in the main conference room. All of you are expected to be thereâ€| on time." His eyes glanced over at Rilley and O'Brien. "You will be learning everything then. Until that time, feel free to wonder, but don't touch anything dangerous, don't set off any alarms, and please show Ms. Connor around the base. Captain Rilley, I expect you'll be doing all you can to make our guest feelâ€|welcome."

Rilley shuddered at the Colonel's gaze and nodded, snapping into attention. "Yes sir!"

"Good." Sanders said returning the salute. "That is all, dismissed."

He turned on his heel and walked briskly out. As soon as Sanders left, everyone turned and walked right back into their respective rooms, leaving Alice outside alone by herself. She sighed and decided to go unpack, wondering what she did to deserve a post with five perverted men no more than two or three years older than she was in the middle of the Antarctic.

Little did she know how much worse it was about to get as 6 PM Military Standard Time rolled by and she followed the rest of the her group towards the conference room.

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>AN: Ehhâ€|somewhat forced at pointsâ€|but it gets the idea across. Any comments or suggestions are appreciated.

2. Civil Unrest

Charlie: Yarâ€| anywaysâ€| this ficâ€| it's basically outlined alreadyâ€| it's here so I can break any writers block I encounterâ€|but that doesn't mean I won't update it if I don't have writers block. Anywaysâ€|second chapter.

And as a warningâ€| I'm not a extremely religious guyâ€| if you

areâ€|this thing isn't here to insult your beliefs. They reflect my beliefs since I don't believe in anything too radical when it comes to religion. Don't try to push your beliefs to me if you disagree with me. I couldn't care less.

* * *

>1802 Hours, July 25, 2552
 Briefing Hall, UNSC Antarctic "Penguin Hole" Tactical Base

The five men and Alice filed into the small briefing hall and each found a seat. Colonel Sanders was standing on a small riser at the front of the room next to a projector. Behind him, a movie screen was down. The colonel didn't look as lighthearted as Alice had seen him before. Instead, she saw for the first time the long years of war against the covenant that the man had seen.

Sanders waited for everyone to sit down and quiet down before he moved. He glanced down at his wrist watch and saw the time.

"You're two minutes late. Don't let it happen again."

"Sir!" The group snapped.

Sanders waved them off and killed the lights. The projector whirled to life and images of dead UNSC personnel flashed on the screen.

"What we have here are top UNSC research personnel killed on Earth in freak terrorist attacks." Sanders began slowly. "These attacks have been increasingly frequent and well, lets just say more brutal. Two hours ago, I received a report of a terrorist bombing in Northern Scotland. This time, civilians were also killed."

Sanders flipped another switch and a different image of a cryptic insignia appeared.

"We believe this to be the work of a group that call themselves the 'Wrath of God.'" Sanders said. He shut off the projector. "These bums have been going around killing UNSC scientists, civilian researchers, and top UNSC Intelligence Personnel 'in the name of God'."

Sanders gave a cold laugh.

"Wait Sirâ€|" Kevin spoke up. "in the name of God sir? Sounds like we have a cult on our hands."

"We do, or to be precise, a Covenant wannabe group." Sanders said coolly. "I'm sure you're all familiar with the SPARTAN project spearheaded by Dr. Halsey."

Everyone nodded.

"Yes, well a Spartan like the Master Chief is just like any normal human, but with genetic and physical enhancements. Well, once that leaked out of the ONI, lets just say many religious groups went nuts. Most calmed down after Jericho VII and especially now after Sigma Octanus IV, but some how this one group of bastards won't shut up. In fact they're convinced that our destruction IS the will of the Gods and only by "repenting," getting rid of all our space colonies, and

returning to our "natural" roots can we be saved. Hell, they even go as far to believe that the Covenant will spare them. Oddly enough, they still use modern weapons to kill."

"Waitâ€¦so these bastards actually BELIEVE they would be spared by the covenant if they kill the rest of us off and go off and be happy farmers?" O'Brien asked incredulously.

"Yep." Sanders said. "That's where you come in. The UNSC is already under great pressure, especially with those Covenant bastards so close to Reach. We don't need a nut-job cult throwing any more wrenches into our already desperate plans for survival. You six have been chosen for your exceptional abilities in the field for this mission. I expect much from you."

"Sir!" Everyone got up and saluted. Sanders waved them off again.

"You six will be taking part in what we named Operation Archangel. From now on, your sole purpose will be to track downâ€¦and eliminate every last one of these Wrath of God bastards. There are only two restrictions. First of all, nobody can know about this. It's top secret. That means any public killings must be made to look like an accident. Understand?"

"Sir!" Everyone nodded. They didn't bother saluting this time.

"Secondlyâ€¦" Sanders got grim. "This facility is top secret. It is not only a tactical base for you guysâ€¦but also an UNSC ship building facility. Not only that, several secret weapons are being developed here as well. That means if any of these Wrath of God folks follow you down here, an automatic self-destruct sequence will follow, blowing all five hundred of us stationed here to smithereens in mere seconds. Don't let that happen."

"Yes sir."

"Nowâ€¦ onto other business."

Sanders motioned for everyone to follow him into a smaller conference room. He sat down at a round table and motioned for everyone else to follow suit.

"You six will be giving your own little comm. relay and hanger as well as a pelican and warthog. Use them well. On the field, Captain Rilley will be your field commander. I expect everyone to follow his commands."

Kevin whooped at his new authority. "Sir, does that mean they have to follow all my orders?"

"If it is in context of the situation, to the dot, or else it'll be mutiny." Sanders said. He immediately regretted saying it.

Kevin smiled widely and gave Alice a teasing look. The female lieutenant shuddered.

"Then my first order as field commander is for all female officers to strip down to boost morale."

Alice immediately blanched, blushed and then growled with fury. Peter and Joseph burst out laughing while Jay just smiled and shook his head. Johannes rolled his eyes and looked to Alice, who was now on the verge of strangling her field commander on the spot.

"Youâ€|are asking to be shot aren't you!" Alice growled.

"You don't have a gun with you. I know." Kevin said smirking. "I peeked into your room. It was lying on the bed."

"Why you littleâ€|" It took a moment for the words to sink in. "Waitâ€|you PEEKED IN ON ME!"

"Yes, it was quite the view too." Kevin lied. In reality, when he looked, Alice was already dressed, but he was having fun teasing her. This time, even Jay laughed.

Alice however didn't find it very funny. She stormed over to Rilley and slapped him hard across the face.

Kevin was almost knocked down by the force of Alice's slap. When he looked up, she was back in her seat glaring at her.

"You better watch out Rilleyâ€|" Alice growled. "There are many things that can go wrong on a battlefieldâ€| Friendly fire is one of them."

Kevin smirked and blew her a kiss before turning to Sanders who was watching on in amusement.

"Done yet Captain? Lieutenant?"

"Yes sir." Kevin said. "But doesn't somebodyâ€|" He looked at Alice. "Need to be court marshaled?"

"Indeed." Sanders said. "How do you defend your self Captain Kevin Sain Rilley?"

Kevin was caught off balance, not expecting Sanders to joke around like that.

"I was just kidding sir."

"Well I'm not." Sanders said. He was enjoying this game. "Captain Rilley, you are being tried for conduct unbecoming of an officer. How do you plead?"

"Errâ€|uhmâ€|.uhhâ€|"

Everyone laughed at Kevin's sudden unease, including the colonel.

"WHAT! HEY!" Kevin snarled. "Not funny."

"Indeed." Sanders said. "Maybe next time you should think about this incident before you ask Connor to strip again."

"Yes sir." Kevin said defeated. His eyes still glancing flirtingly towards Alice though, who tried her best not to lose her

patience.

"If you're all done goofing off, I think it's time you got your first lead." Sanders said. He pressed a button and a holomessage appeared. On it were time and dates of possible attacks on various places.

The group scanned the data. It wasn't hard to decipher.

"Looks like our next attacks going to be inâ€¦ Londonâ€¦ two weeks." Kevin said. "Gives us plenty of time to get ready."

"Indeed." Sanders said. "Well, that's all for now. You six are free to go. I don't care what you do or how you do it, make sure every last one of those bastards lie dead."

"Yes sir."

"Dismissed."

As the group left, Kevin approached Alice again.

"What do you want asshole?"

Kevin looked hurt for a moment before composing himself. "Look, I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I hope we can start over."

"Ohâ€¦" Alice wasn't expecting this. "Uhmâ€¦okayâ€¦apology accepted. But next timeâ€¦please don't try to get me out of my clothes again."

"Scout's honor." Kevin said. As they walked, Kevin's eyes took in Alice's slim figure and well tanned skin along with her soft facial features and sapphire eyes. "Nice rackâ€¦" Kevin couldn't shut his mouth before it slipped.

Moments later, he was on the ground after receiving a swift kick from the outraged Connor. "Go to hell asshole." Connor snarled as she walked off. Peter, Johannes and Joseph quickly helped Kevin up and supported him to the infirmary.

"You're just ASKING her to shoot you aren't you?" O'Brien asked.

"Yeahâ€¦" Kevin squeaked. "But she does have a nice rack."

Johannes rolled his eyes. "God help us all."

Meanwhile, Jay and Sanders watched the entire thing take place. He sighed and turned towards Sanders. "Have you told her?"

"I haven't even told him yet." Sanders said.

"You better do it before those two declare a blood feud." Jay said.

"I knowâ€¦ it's not easy you know."

"Nothing's ever easyâ€¦ but you have to tell them."

"I willâ€¦ eventually." Sanders said.

"Goodâ€¦ now while you're at itâ€¦ I'm going to go talk to Alice." Jay said as he walked off.

"You have a wife Jay." Sanders joked.

"Get your mind out of the gutter sir. I'm just trying to warm her up to our new Field Commander."

Sanders sighed as he watched the man go. He put his hands into his pocket and took out two keys, one blue and one pink. "God help us all indeed."

* * *

>Charlie: Read Andromeda Strain, you'll know what I'm thinking.
Anyways, comments appreciated. Thanks.<p><p>

End
file.